



# LIFE

TWO ARTS,  
TWO VISIONS:

THE  
GRACE  
OF  
BALLET

THE  
TUMULT  
OF  
HENDRIX  
→

OCTOBER 3 • 1969 • 40¢









"We'll hold hands, then we'll watch the sunrise from the bottom of the sea." *Are You Experienced?*



# AN INFINITY OF JIMIS

Photographed by Raymundo de Larrain

Jimi Hendrix is a rock demigod whose on-stage ecstasies have sometimes, to square eyes, seemed to border on the berserk. In his frenzy he would make love to his guitar, then conclude his carryings-on by dousing it with lighter fluid and burning it up. The Jimi Hendrix Experience, "a shock treatment kind of thing," he says, made him famous but did not hide his enormous talents as a musician. Today he wants to abandon the excesses for the more spiritual, quiet region of life and music he describes below, in an interview with LIFE Reporter Robin Richman. Photographer Raymundo de Larrain supplies his own interpretations of Jimi. He placed him and his two sidemen in a virtual glade of mirrors, allowing them to reverberate into an astonishing Hendrix kaleidoscope.

**P**retend your mind is a big muddy bowl and the silt is very slowly settling down—but remember your mind's still muddy and you can't possibly grasp all I'm saying.

Music is going to break the way. There'll be a day when houses will be made of diamonds and emeralds which won't have any value anymore and they'd last longer in a rainstorm than a wooden house. Bullets'll be fairy tales. There'll be a renaissance from bad to completely clear and pure and good—from lost to found.

The everyday mud world we're living in today compared to the spiritual world is like a parasite compared to the ocean and the ocean is the biggest living thing you know about. One way to approach the spiritual side is facing the truth. People who make a lot of money—they get sadder and sadder 'cause deep down they feel a hurt. So they go and buy a prostitute on

CONTINUED



"Good and evil lay side by side while electric love penetrates the sky." *Electric Ladyland*



Saturday and go to church on Sunday and pray down on the ground in a little salt box, hearing another man who has the same problems preach—and the collection plate keeps going around and around. That man thinks he's found religion but he gets hurt more and more because he's not going toward the spiritual side which is the way the atmosphere is.

Atmospheres are going to come through music because music is in a spiritual thing of its own. It's like the waves of the ocean. You can't just cut out the perfect wave and take it home with you. It's constantly moving all the time. It is the biggest thing electrifying the earth. Music and motion are all part of the race of man.

I don't think what I say is abstract. It's reality. What's unreal is all those people living in cement beehives with no color and making themselves look like their gig and slaving themselves for that one last dollar and crying with millions in their pockets and constantly playing war games and making bets. They're losing themselves in big ego scenes and being above another man in some kind of form. Look at the pimps and congressmen.

But I can explain everything better through music. You hypnotize people to where they go right back to their natural state which is pure positive—like in childhood when you got natural highs. And when you get people at that weakest point, you can preach into the subconscious what we want to say. That's why the name "electric church" flashes in and out.

People want release any kind of way nowadays. The idea is to release in the proper form. Then they'll feel like going into another world, a clearer world. The music flows from the air; that's why I can connect with a spirit, and when they come down off this natural high, they see clearer, feel different things—don't think of pain and hurting the next person. You think of getting your own thing together. You can't be lazy. You have to look at all the faults you have.

There's no telling how many lives your spirit will go through—die and be reborn. Like my mind will be back in the days when I was a flying horse. Before I can remember anything, I can remember music and stars and planets. I could go to sleep and write 15 symphonies. I had very strange feelings that I was here for something and I was going to get a chance to be heard. I got the guitar together 'cause that was all I had. I used to be really lonely.

A musician, if he's a messenger, is like a child who hasn't been handled too many times by man, hasn't had too many fingerprints across his brain. That's why music is so much heavier than anything you ever felt.







"Well, I float in liquid gardens in Arizona's new red sands. 'Cause I'm a Voodoo Chile, Lord knows I'm a Voodoo Chile, babe." *Voodoo Chile*